



Jim Hopper and Eleven by [reganlee.hodgins](#)

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Family, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-11 11:22:29

Updated: 2017-11-11 11:22:29

Packaged: 2019-12-17 04:49:29

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,213

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is set straight after Eleven closed the gate to the upside down and Hopper is looking after her. :)

Jim Hopper and Eleven

Everything stood still.

Hopper breathes heavily, as he drops his gun with a strong loud thud, when it hits the metallic floor in the elevator. He saw El collapse on the floor, unable to move.

He crouched down in front of her, holding her up in his arms, praying to god that she was okay. He used the palm of his hands to rub up and down her back, to try and get a reaction from her. He suddenly, felt her shaking against him and gave out a gasp in relief.

"Hey it's okay...it's okay now."

El's eyes started to draw low and Hopper could feel her eyes, slowly flutter from exhaustion. After a moment, she let go of the longing embrace and stared back at him. She looked ghostly pale and had dark shadows under her chocolate, brown eyes.

He wanted to hold her again, protect her from harm. So he grabs her by the arm and nestles his nose in her hair. At first, she tensed at the contact but after a while, she liked the warmth radiating from his body. She soon relaxed into him, with her arms wrapped around his neck and in that moment, she felt safe, she felt like she was home.

"You did good, kid." He whispered with love and pride. "You did so good."

She begins to hang onto him, unable to move and her breathing was slow. Hopper scoops her up in his arms and he realised, she was sleeping, even though she just went through a near death experience. He carefully tries to stand up, while he holds El in his arms. She quickly clings onto him and buries her head in his shoulder, while Hopper reaches for the button in the elevator.

The journey back up was uncomfortably tense and El was still fast asleep. He couldn't help but smile at the girl, at how relaxed she was. It gave him a warm feeling in his chest.

Hopper carries El to his car and carefully places her on the seat. He drives through the streets of Hawkins and kept giving short glances towards her, to make sure nothing was happening to her and that she was still safe.

El stirs and presses her head against the window, now that the drive was nearly over. The girl shifts slightly, as Jim pulls up to the cabin and loudly turns off the car. He gently picks her up and carries her bridal style into the house.

The cabin was still warm, from the heat that Joyce used for Will, including the mess they made out of it, but he didn't mind. He was just glad to be home.

Hopper enters the living room and quietly lays her down on the couch. He got one of El's pillows out of her bedroom and swiftly placed her pillow under her head, so that she feels more comfortable. El doesn't open her eyes, but her eyelashes flutter again. He hoped that he wouldn't have woken her up, from trying to adjust and support her head.

Now that she's settled down again, Hopper goes into the kitchen and picks out a bottle of beer from the fridge. He pats his trouser pockets for a packet of cigarettes and realises there was none left. Maybe that was a good thing.

He sits himself down at the kitchen table and drinks his beer. It seems like it has been years, since they sat down for a meal together, but it has only been five days, since El disappeared.

He takes another sip of his beer and then takes his jacket and shoes off, now that the room was warm enough for the both of them. He suddenly, stares into space and thinks about how close they came to death tonight.

He remembers the times, where they would argue at each other for hours. He would get so angry at her for no reason. El would throw things and stomp off to her room and slam the door behind her. Hopper would call her 'selfish' and a 'brat', for not accepting the things she gets from him, when all she wanted was to go outside.

He felt bad for not giving her that one thing, but he didn't want to through the consequences, he wanted to keep her safe. Now, he somehow can't be angry with her anymore.

He gulps down his beer, while watching her breathing, rise and fall in the moonlight. He didn't see the point of closing the curtains, now that everyone knows she's back. Hopper feels like he is losing track of time, thinking about El. He wades through another beer and then another. Sleep begins to take over, his muscles have relaxed and the fear and anxiety in his chest has gone.

Hopper takes a deep breath, when he tries to wake up from his unconscious slumber. He wonders how long he has been asleep for, but there was no sunlight coming through the windows and outside still looked to be twilight.

Slowly, he sits up on his chair and stretches his back, to break the aches and pains. He was slouched on the kitchen table asleep, which was clearly not comfortable, but he had no energy to go back to his own bed.

Hopper quietly gets up from his seat and walks over to El. When he got to her, he notices that her forehead was dripping with sweat and her body seemed to be frantically, shaking. The anxiety started to erupted again and his heart was beating nineteen to the dozen.

"Shit."

Hopper kneels down in front of her and reaches out to squeeze her arm.

"No." She cried. "Mama"

He runs a hand through her hair, not caring how messy it was. He continuously uses the same motion and parts her fringe to the side, so he could see her better.

"No, stop." She screams.

Hopper reached out to El and held her head in his hands, wiping the tears off her face.

"It's me, sweetie, it's me. You're safe now, okay. You're safe."

El's eyes began to open. She begins to study him for a moment and she realised, it was all a dream. None of it was real. Her breathing started going back to its normal pace and she felt so relieved to see Hopper again, to feel at home again.

And yet, Eleven reached out to him, even though she is not used to hugs, but she really needed one from him right now. She grabbed his shoulders and leaped into his arms, like she was jumping over a cliff. She started to shake violently and began to sob in his chest.

"I'm sorry." She sobbed. "I'm so, sorry."

"Hey, it's not your fault, sweetie. It's not your fault."

Hopper pressed his lips on her forehead, that seemed to feel soft and smell like roses.

"It's okay, now. I've got you." He whispered with raw emotion. "You're safe."

El is curled up next to him, as Hopper has his arm round her shoulders. She starts to move close, as her cheek is pressed against his chest. Hopper looks down at her and feels that familiar warm feeling in his chest again.

"You okay, kid?" He whispers, while he strokes his hand, up and down her arm.

"Tired."

"I know." He sighs. "You've had a tough night."

Her eyes start to blink slowly and he kisses her forehead again, with content.

"You need to sleep okay? Do you want anything? Some hot coca? Eggo's?" The girl eyes beamed at him with excitement, at the mention of both.

Hopper threw their dishes away in the washing up bowl, after they

finished eating their Eggo's and he started to make El a hot coca before she goes to bed. He walks back over to the couch and gives El her drink. The girl doesn't say anything other than sipping her coca, but decides to move closer to him again and snuggles against his arm, while leaning her head on his shoulder.

The thought of his daughter, Sara came to mind. The feeling of El snuggled up to his side, reminded him of the days when Sara used to want to cuddle up next to him, while Hopper would read her a bedtime story. The memory began to make his eyes water and his throat tighten.

But now, he feels like something in his heart is being filled.

"Right, okay."

El pulled back from his shoulder and looked up at him with confusion.

"We should go to bed."

She sighed in disagreement and shakes her head. "Yes, kid, you need it." He replies. There was a moments silence and El rolls her eyes with attitude. She looks back at Hopper, with a stubborn glare on her face.

"Fine."

She lunged herself off the couch and stomped off to her bedroom in anger. She pulled her punk, black jacket off and threw it on the floor.

Hopper started to laugh at her sudden outburst, it surprised the girl.

"What are you laughing at?"

He stands against her doorframe, while he continues laughing.

"Me?"

"Yeah."

El stands next to her bed, giving him an evil stare, while she

rearranges her pillows and cushions. When she finished sorting her bed, she climbed into it and laid on her side, so that she was facing the wall, but had her back to Hopper. He enters her small room and stopped to look down at her.

"So what now, you're just not gonna talk to me?"

She carries on ignoring him, while he waits for her to respond.

"Okay then, kid. See you tomorrow." He says tiredly, in annoyance.

He didn't want the night to end like this; after all they have been through, he didn't want El to hold a grudge against him, just because she wanted to stay up with him after hours.

Hopper turned round and started walking out her room, until he heard El's voice.

"Stay?" She pauses. "Please?"

"Okay. Okay, I'll stay."

Hopper and El, both go in their rooms to change out of their dirty, wet clothes. El came out, wearing Hopper's shirt that was coloured in light grey and had the Hawkins police badge in the middle. She didn't care how big it looked on her, she liked it.

Hopper however, came out with his long white T-shirt and sweatpants. El couldn't help but laugh at him.

"What are you laughing at, kid?"

El tries not to contain her laughter, by covering her mouth.

"Okay, okay, I get it. You hate my dress sense."

Hopper watches her, as she continues to laugh at him and he feels that familiar pang in his chest again. It's like, having a daughter again.

"C'mon, kid. Get into bed."

El gets into bed and wraps her duvet and blankets around her body, to keep warm.

"I will be right back, okay?"

She watched Hopper, as he left her room and enters the living room. He grabbed one end of the couch and dragged it into the room, till he moved it right next to her bed. He then, goes to grab more pillows and blankets from his room and then comes back in, to throw them on the couch. He knows, it wouldn't have taken much for him to make himself comfortable and sleep better, after the night they have both had.

Hopper lies on the couch and stares up at the ceiling. He could feel the girl's eyes, staring back at him.

"Sleep," He whispers, not wanting a long conversation.

"Did I do good?" She says, as Hopper rolls over to look at her.

"Of course you did, sweetie." Hopper reaches up, to grasp her hand. "You know, I'm not mad at you for leaving. I'm just really grateful your home."

El threads her fingers through his really tight, not wanting to let go. "I-I don't want to be alone."

"Hey, kid." He says, giving her hand a little squeeze. "I'm not going anywhere."

"Promise?"

It has been a long night for the both of them, but she doesn't Hopper to leave. After all they have been through tonight, fighting demodogs and closing the gate to the upside down, he could tell that she's scared of the dark. She fears of being alone again.

"Promise."

She nods with acceptance and relaxes underneath the covers. She blinks slowly and tear starts falling down her cheek.

"It's gonna be okay, kid. You're safe now. You're safe." He whispers, while he used his thumb to wipe her tears.

El closes her eyes. Her breathing is slow and heavy and she finally falls asleep. Hopper gazes at the girl and hopes she knows how much he cares about her. How much he loves her.

Hopper starts to drift closer and closer to sleep. The darkness begins to take over the light and their hands are still remained together.

Jim Hopper and Eleven Fanfiction

By Regan Hodgins